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"They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." *Acts viii, 4.*

On, on they pressed, where Scythia's snowy heights
In gloomy grandeur rise ;
And where Olympus veils from human sight
Its summit in the skies ;—

Through Grecian cities, famed for wealth and art,
With fearless steps they trod ;
Bearing alike upon their lips and hearts
The precious Word of God.

Imperial Rome, upon her seven hills,
With awe their message heard ;
And far-off islands listened and were still,
As they received the Word.

Alike in peasant's cot and princely hall,
One theme inspired their tongue ;
Alike to rich and poor, to great and small,
Their words of warning rung.

Oh, would their spirit rested on us still,
Moving each careless soul ;
Then with the joyful tidings we might fill
The earth from pole to pole.

v. G. R.

WOMAN'S WORK AT HOME.

BY MRS. R. W. PORTER.

BUT a small fraction of our Christian women can work personally among the heathen. Very naturally, then, the question arises, "What may we do at home,—we whose feet may never press the soil of India, but whose hearts are crossing the waters daily in pity, sympathy and love for the sisterhood sitting in the bondage of heathenism?"

The first answer that comes spontaneously to our lips is this: We may pray for them. The agency of prayer is all powerful. If "prayer moves the hand that moves the world," what, then, may we not do? Weak and powerless, indeed, we are of ourselves, and yet, with united hearts at the throne of grace, through the Spirit's help, we may have power with God.

We test the efficacy of prayer upon our own hearts when weary or perplexed; when our tasks are more numerous than we have hands or time to apply to them; when our physical energies fail us, or even when severest conflicts are within, so that towering above us seem to be dizzy heights that our human strength may never scale; or, as for a time, we totter on the precipice below which seem to be depths unfathomable. In such emergencies what precious relief we find, what strength, what sweet faith and trust in pouring all our wants into the ready ear of our Heavenly Father. If, then, our prayers bring such blessings to our own hearts, may they not bring the same to others,—to other hearts for whom Christ died?

Let us remember the words of sacred promise: "Delight thyself in the Lord and He will give thee the desire of thy heart." "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

But linked with this is another response to the question what may we do at home? For it is not prayer alone that is

to bring the desired results, but as in conjunction with our *alms* it rises as sweet incense before God. Good old Cornelius—the record of whose memorial service is given in the sacred Word—sent heavenward, in unison, his prayers and alms. Clasping hands with this is the equally emphatic record that “faith without works is dead, being alone.” Then let us give, as well as pray; so give that the treasure-box of God’s house may be full, wanting nothing.

Economy is good in its place, and we may need to use it largely in other things, in order to give abundantly, but let us not begin its practice in our benevolence. In the millennial future we may come to realize that God’s people need to be admonished lest they give too freely, but since the golden dawn of that glorious day is not yet at hand, let us, both by precept and example, teach the God-ordained way of freely giving. As another has it,

“Joyfully give!
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not the pale bud from the June roses blowing,—
Give, as He gave, who gave thee to live.”

Yes, we may do very much through prayer and alms-giving, but vastly more when we add to them *active* and *energetic* service.

It was not enough, through the lapse of centuries, for human necessities, that the answer thereto, of even divine help, be voiced from cloud and burning bush, or conferred by the shining hand of angel messengers, but that God’s love should take form and walk among men. So now, for these same wants, as great as when they imploringly pressed around the cross of Christ, our prayers and alms must be borne to them by the same *living agency*. For, has he not said: “I walk and I talk in you?” Hand must press hand, and heart answer responsive to heart in its throbings. Eyes bedewed with sympathy, and lips tremulous with emotions of love must add their emphasis and make more perfect our mission. We want no weak and partial service, but we want to minister to the world Paul-like, aye, Christ-like, as He who “came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life.”

Various are the ways in which an energetic life may show

itself. There is missionary intelligence to be scattered, even as by the way-side, that some may take root and bear a harvest in God's own time. Knowledge is no less power here than elsewhere. To act is to know. Action is not born of ignorance. Lightly may lay the cause of missions on many a heart whose prayers, alms and labors would be consecrated to its service if truly enlightened. As knowledge is scattered, they who receive it scatter again, until farthest shore is reached by the undulations from one little pebble of truth. Our labor in this respect has been facilitated by the advent of the *HELPER*. It is a long-needed educator, and should be in every home.

Then there is the missionary meeting,—a grand field for labor,—whose interests are to be allied to those of the church. She cannot have greatest efficiency without them. The spirit they breathe, the breadth they reach are vital to her life. We want to make them deep and fascinating with interest, by the vigor we shall put into them, and the warm love of our Saviour that shall glow in their utterances. We must save them from the dullness and prosiness of the missionary concerts of by-gone days, which drove from them all but those who, under irksome tasks, felt that they must sustain the mere apology.

Let us freshen them with the warm words of active workers in the field, those words bedewed many times with the tears of their sacrifice, and with the tender words of childhood, on whose precious youth-time the Gospel ways are just beginning to dawn. Let us glean for them pithy items, here and there, giving all the variety possible to their exercises.

But another part of our work—aye the holiest—is the educating of our little ones. The trite saying, "As the twig is bent," etc., grows no less true in the advancing years. If to the mother's heart one boon is more precious than another it is to see her children growing up into the true spirit of Christianity, seeking out and walking in the foot-steps of Him who was earth's first missionary.

How sweetly and naturally they learn to do as mother does. If they see her systematic offerings, a portion of everything set apart for the spreading of God's kingdom, for the lifting up of the fallen women and children of heathen lands; if they see that in no emergency can it be infringed upon; if they listen to her earnest prayers for those that are in darkness, and for those that are laboring to lead them to Christ,

how soon the life-picture will be daguerreotyped upon the child's heart. Aye, if every Christian mother in our land was printing these pictures daily, what an army of missionary workers would the next generation afford.

Within a single decade the hand of our Master hath laid at our door new and increased responsibilities. We must meet them. Through the simple gospel agencies and the promised triumphs of the Cross, we may. Far and near await the feet of those who are to carry the good tidings when the Cross of Christ shall be discovered to them. Then let us raise it aloft : —

“ Fling out the banner wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine ;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours :
We conquer only in that sign.”

REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

DURING the cold season of 1847 Mr. Phillips wrote from Dantoon, February 5 : “ Eleven years ago this day, I arrived in India. . . . It is now seven years since I first preached in Danṭoon bazar. I have generally preached here yearly, sometimes oftener, ever since. My reception has usually been cold, often repulsive ; ‘ Dantoon is a hard place to get hearers,’ had come to be a common remark ; but the present season manifests a marked change. There is an evident stir among the people, — a disposition to hear the Word of Life. Few stand up in defense of their gods. Persons of the first respectability ask for books and seek information. Some speak openly of becoming Christians ; others propose forsaking the worship of the gods a year, and then, should no evil follow, abandon them altogether. Rama, our dear native brother, has been wonderfully animated by what he has seen and heard. He seems confident that the time for an extensive breaking away from the strongholds of heathenism is at hand. May it prove to be even so. Hindooism is certainly losing its hold on the people. When the Holy Spirit shall be poured out on this people, multitudes will be prepared to embrace the truth. O, for grace to labor in faith, believing the promises.”

Mr. Phillips had acquired so much knowledge of the Santal language as to be able to converse fluently on general topics, and to impart considerable religious instruction. Having reduced the language to writing, he published a tract of eight pages,—the first ever printed in that dialect,—and a primer of twelve pages, which included the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. He had also collected materials for a grammar and a vocabulary, and had translated four or five chapters of Matthew's gospel. While he found the acquisition of this hitherto unwritten language an arduous work, yet he declared it a delightful one. He said, "I recollect no study that ever afforded me more unmixed enjoyment than that I derive from this. My *hic*, *haec*, *hoc*, etc., never yielded me a tithe of the pleasure I experienced in digging out the roots and tracing the branches of the words that compose this strange language. Every word, every sound required is of no doubtful utility, hence I am urged on by a kind of necessity, the like of which I never felt before to the same degree." The construction of the language was so complex, that Mr. Phillips thought two or three languages, like the Bengali and Oriya, might be acquired with the labor requisite to learn the Santal. He sent home, as an example, a Santal verb, showing that in the indicative mood, present tense alone, there are more than one hundred and ten distinct forms. His intense interest in this wild race, induced him to open a Santal department in the Jellasore boarding schools, where he gathered ten Santal boys. When the first came to the station they were almost as uncultivated as the monkeys in their native jungles. Yet they learned so well, that in a little more than a year nine of them could read the Oriya Scriptures, and commit to memory their Sabbath school lessons. They seemed not only willing, but desirous to be taught Christianity.

The urgent needs of the mission were now painfully calling for more laborers, and besides, Mr. Dow's state of health began to cause anxiety. Said Mr. Phillips: "Our brother calls

us a scouting party, and what more are we? We have entered, and, to some extent, spied out a portion of the enemy's country. We have reported to our brethren-in-arms, assuring them that if they faint not, they are well able to encounter the enemy, and take possession of his strongholds. Express after express, has been sent to solicit reinforcements. Meantime, we have had a few skirmishes with our foe, and through God's mercy have been victorious, so far as to plant Immanuel's standard among his enemies. This standard we have resolved to defend, or perish in the attempt. A few have abandoned the enemy, and are now fighting on the Lord's side. A fearful misgiving of heart in a number of others, encourages us to hope they will soon follow. Thus we are laboring, and toiling, and watching, — sometimes in despair, when we see with what fearful odds we are contending; then a ray of hope lights upon us, victory inclines to our side, we gird ourselves afresh, and rush to the contest. Anxiously we look for the arrival of each successive post, with the hope of being cheered by the joyful news that succor is at hand. Judge of our sad disappointment, when we are told that although brethren are ready and waiting to come, the churches do not furnish the means to send them."

Mr. Phillips and Dr. Bacheler dispatched a joint message to the Mission Board, offering — in case their lives and health were continued — to share their salaries for three years with a new missionary, on the condition of his being sent out the coming year. This, they said, would require no small sacrifice on their part, but they felt that their duty to the heathen demanded it, rather than that a fellow-laborer should be kept from the field. "Were anything," they continued, "short of the eternal interests of our fellow-men at stake, we would not thus continually harass you, for we know full well how it afflicts you to say, 'No, we can do no more;' but souls for whom Jesus died are sinking in endless night, and we cannot be silent."

During the year 1847 (we have not the exact date), Miss Sarah P. Merrill — whose arrival in India was noted in the last issue of the *HELPER* — became the wife of Dr. Bacheler, and besides the care of his children, soon made herself useful in the superintendence of the two schools in Balasore,

numbering sixty pupils. Dr. Bacheler had in training, a small class of native preachers, some of whom he usually took with him in his cold season missionary excursions. On one of these excursions, with three of his class, he spent five days at a fair near Dantoon, where 5,000 or 6,000 people were usually in attendance. He said, "I never saw men more devoted to their work; they labored incessantly, from morning till evening, and often continued preaching till late at night." A neighboring mount afforded a good pulpit, where they were constantly surrounded by an attentive congregation, some of whom made many interesting inquiries in regard to Christianity. On the last day of the fair Dr. Bacheler, on going to the preaching stand, found the native brethren in an ecstasy of joy over a man with whom, the preceding evening, they had an earnest conversation. On that morning, he had been actually preaching to the multitude, denouncing idolatry and professing his full belief in Christianity; but, mingling with the crowd, he had passed out of sight. While Dr. Bacheler was taking a little rest in his tent, he said, "I suddenly heard a strange voice, accompanied with a shout from our post. On going out, behold! our new friend was hard at work. He was expert in quoting from the shasters and showing their absurdity. Some brahmins (priests) tried to silence him by ridicule, but he refuted them with great boldness, and soon had all the field to himself. I told the people that sometimes the Spirit of God operated in a peculiar manner upon the hearts of men, and I was not sure but what they had just seen and heard was the effect of the Spirit's operations; at all events, they had heard truths which they would do well to ponder. Here was a poor laborer standing up boldly to reprove his spiritual teachers, who, while professing to point out to the people the way of life, had only been involving them in mist and darkness, leading them straight down to the gates of death. I learned that our friend had long been reading our books, and had been favorable to Christianity, but had never before come out so boldly. . . . Our souls were not a little cheered by this incident. . . . We are sowing the seed extensively. We wait in faith, believing the harvest will come — a time of

blessing, when the teeming multitudes of India shall rejoice in God their Saviour."

During Dr. Bacheler's stay at the Dantoon fair a wealthy landholder who had long been ill, came to him for medical advice. Said Dr. Bacheler, "I gave him medicine, for which he offered to reward me handsomely. This was refused. He then gave two rupees to my little daughter.* This she was not allowed to retain. A few days after he came again, bringing a handful of rupees, which he begged me to accept. I told him the object of our mission was to do good, not to obtain wealth, and that though I gave medicine freely, I expected nothing and could receive nothing as a compensation. He said he had rupees enough and was well able to reward me. I replied that I, too, had enough; that my wants were all supplied; that I could on no consideration accept a fee. He seemed surprised, and went away. Our native preacher, Rama, soon came in, saying the Zemindar was spreading our fame all around, telling the people that we were altogether different from anybody he had ever seen,—we would not take rupees when offered us. Hitherto they had thought us actuated by sinister motives,—playing some deep-laid scheme for the acquisition of wealth. The Zemindar offered to give us land for a house, rent free, if we would plant a mission there, and also build a house for a native preacher. A brother of the Zemindar made the brahmins who surrounded him look blank by declaring himself a Christian, and seating Rama on his own mat by his side. We feel that these things portend the dawn of a better day."

THE DAWN APPEARETH.—At a recent missionary anniversary it was said: "In my travels around the world I saw not one single *new* heathen temple. All the pagan worship I saw was in old, dilapidated temples."

Lord Lawrence gives this testimony to the labors of missionaries: "They have done more to benefit India than all other agencies combined." Sir Bartle Frere says: "They are working changes more extraordinary than anything ever witnessed in modern Europe."

*A rupee is about 50 cents.

EARLY TRAINING.

BY MRS. H. C. PHILLIPS.

TEACH the children to give, and the coming men and women will not be penurious. Teach them to pity the poor, and when they become men and women they will not turn a deaf ear to the cry of the needy. Or, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

About as soon as our children were able to understand a reward for well-doing, they became, without constitution or by-laws, a missionary society. The object of this society was to give pleasure to the children, encourage prompt and cheerful obedience, the proper discharge of every duty, and the opportunity to acquire money, that they might learn the blessedness of giving.

A daily roll of merit was kept, and at the proper time notice was given that the children's society would hold a meeting in the dining-room. No calling or urging was needed to secure a full attendance, for every member was in his or her place in due time, and in the best possible spirits. They were seated in a circle, and, after listening to a story, or short talk, the roll was examined, and each one was rewarded accordingly. The pice were put into the hand of the smallest little one able to walk, and she took them to the child whose name was called, and kept all in the highest glee by her cunning little ways and speeches. The distribution of rewards was no sooner over, than the same little one, box in hand, went to each member for a contribution, which, being counted and talked over, was placed in a bag marked "*Poor*." This bag, with all the other bags or boxes, was put into the drawer, and the meeting was dismissed. Every Monday morning from ten to fifteen very poor people, all diseased, some deaf and others blind, came for a little help. I furnished the pice, but called on the little ones to distribute them, as this greatly pleased both the poor and the children. Now and then one of these poor, friendless ones would come to me crying, and say, "While I was gone out to beg, the cattle came and eat nearly all the straw from my little hut, and I am begging pice to buy more." The children were then called on for a contribution, and each came with bag or box and gave cheerfully, thus making the heart of the poor very glad.

On the approach of the cold season, the bag marked "Poor" was brought out and emptied, and some added to its contents, and cloths for our poor were purchased. On the next Monday morning each of them was cheered by receiving a cloth from the little hands that had given the money to buy them; and there was no mistake about the happiness of the children and the mother.

Shall we, or shall we not, heed the injunction, "Train up a child in the way he should go," and then trust the fulfillment of the promise, "When he is old he will *not depart* from it?"

"THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS" is the name of a new illustrated monthly missionary magazine, published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, and conducted by Rev. Albert B. Simpson. It is a large octavo, and is to contain not less than forty-eight pages. Its specific object "is to advocate the great object of the world's evangelization." The first number, for February, is a marked specimen of excellence in every way. It is devoted to Africa, "the dark continent." Its page is beautiful, its illustrations are varied and abundant, and its several departments are full. A generous portion is devoted to miscellany, religious news and impressive incidents. Should this number prove to be merely a specimen one the work will be deserving of the highest praise, and the most liberal patronage. It will be a great educator for the family, as well as a help for missionary workers. Its terms are \$2.00 per year; ministers and theological students, \$1.50; foreign missionaries, \$1.00. We would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the first number, and express the sincere hope that such a feast of good things may continue to be spread for many readers.

"THE CHRISTIAN TIMES" is a religious monthly journal devoted to missions, temperance, the Sabbath school, woman's missionary work, children's work for children. It is a quarto of twenty-four pages, and of beautiful mechanical appearance. Its principles "are Evangelical in their substance, Congregational in their form, and catholic in their spirit." It has the special excellence of embracing in itself the fields occupied by several other publications, all of which claim the attention of earnest Christian workers, and it cannot fail to be in many ways helpful. Terms, \$1.00 per year. Address CHRISTIAN TIMES, Boston, Mass. P. O. Box, 182.

ST. THERESA'S HALF-PENCE.

IN a cell of her quiet cloister,
 Theresa, the novice, knelt,
 And poured, in a moan of sorrow,
 The pitiful grief she felt.

For life with its sharp seductions,—
 Its bitterness, toil and pain,
 Its pleasures that seemed so mocking,
 Its laughter that seemed so vain,—

Had sickened her heart with sadness,
 And driven her forth to find
 In the depth of the silent cloister
 That solace for which she pined.

But the thought of the poor and wretched,
 The lost and the erring, lay
 Like a weight on her tender spirit,
 That troubled her night and day.

"I sit in my blissful musings,
 And prayerfully draw sweet breath,
 Whilst those I have left behind me
 Are pressing their way to death !

"I dare not be happy, seeing
 God's mercy and wrath so braved :
 I dare not in calm content me,
 That only *my* soul is saved !

" Yet what can I do to help them ?
 And where have I strength to win
 Their hearts from the woes and sorrows,
 Their feet from the paths of sin ?

" And what can I give the weary,
 To lighten their burdens sore,
 Since only a single half-pence
 Is left of my home-brought store ?

" But if in the faith of the Master,
 Confiding, and strong, and bold,
 I offer it, He, in His richness,
 May swell it a hundred fold !

" Ah, nothing can *I* and a half-pence
 Accomplish, how'er so small ;
 Nay, nothing — but *God* and a half-pence
 Can compass and conquer all ! ”

— Margaret J. Preston, in “ *Faith and Works.*”

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FROM MRS. BACHELIER.]

HOME AGAIN — HINDRANCES.

I can't tell you how thankful and happy I am to begin again to work for Jesus. But I have to be careful, and I find that work and writing can't both be done, and as many others can write, and as my work is pressing, it seems duty that the strength I have should be all spent in work.

We are now in straits. We have tried to lighten the zenana debt by selling some of the appliances for zenana work, but still nearly a hundred dollars of debt remains. To-day we open another house, where these pupils are to learn. It is nearly two miles away, in the lower part of the town. Jessie and Emmeline, who are to teach in it, have already thirteen houses, not one of which can they begin to do justice to. Poddie and Phulla have even a larger number of houses, and Rutini and Annie Koonjah have as many. This kind of teaching is very unsatisfactory. Certainly one hour ought to be spent in each house, for most of the pupils have two lessons, at least, beside the religious teaching and their work. Our force, both of teachers and horses ought to be doubled. What shall we do? We used to get from six to eight dollars a month by subscriptions from gentlemen and ladies of the station ; but one by one these good people have been transferred to other places, and their successors as yet have not entered into the spirit of our work. It may be, that as I shall be able to get out among them a little and become acquainted, they may help. Pray for us. I know you do.

MIDNAPORE, Dec. 1879.

[FROM MARY R. PHILLIPS.]

COMMENCEMENTS — GOOD THINGS.

The great colleges at home have had their commencements, and young men and women have gone out to direct the thought, and mould the character of young America. Commencement exercises in Midnapore are over too. There is something inexpressibly sad in the thought that one's youthful school-days are over. Every *leaving* footfall seems to echo "gone, forever gone," and we look anxiously into the future, and wonder how each will fill or miss his appointed mission

in life, and how he 'll stand *alone* in the battle from which none are exempt. Yesterday these queries came forcibly and sadly, and we realized, as never before, the immense power for good or evil that goes out from our colleges and schools. We were seated in the large hall of the Government College (formerly "High School") surrounded by 500 boys and young men from the first families in Midnapore. Their faces were very bright and intelligent, and they were dressed in Indian costumes of white, and native silks of various colors, with glittering caps of embroidered velvet, and flashing chains of heavy gold.

The President, a tall man, with keen thin features and eyes beaming with kindness, clothed in flowing white muslin, greeted us very cordially. Then, one after another, the proud young brahmins came forward and delivered their orations in English, fluently, doing justice to the native ability to acquire a foreign tongue. Then the magistrate of the station, sent from England by Her Majesty, presented the prizes,— gold and silver medals, histories, poems, etc. Then, one by one, these young men went out to come in no more. But oh! how unfitted. Sent out upon life's tempestuous sea with no compass. Sent into the heart of the battle with no armor on.

What should we think of the company that would send a captain to sea with one of our ocean palaces — laden with richest treasure and manned with bravest men — without a compass, telling him to guess his way, or trust to the chance winds that sometimes send vessels into port. Just this the English government is doing, as she sends from her schools young men freighted with cultured thoughts, manned with strong wills and brave hearts, but denied a compass and chart, inasmuch as the Bible has been a forbidden book all through their course of study. It has never pointed one of them to the haven of eternal rest, never told them of the one great Pilot, who could carry them over the treacherous quicksands to the very end of the long voyage.

Thus thousands of young men are sent from the schools here to make the *future* of Bengal, with no knowledge of the Bible. As they stepped from the stage yesterday we longed to roll the wheels of time back for them, that they might begin again, with the Bible in their hands.

We have had our monthly commencement and awarded prizes too. Seventy-five little waifs from crowded, dark, mud

huts among the *poor*, came to our school-room to-day. No silk, not even a shade of white, graced their pretty little forms, and old rags, black and filthy, fluttered here and there. How their weary eyes would have danced at the very thought of wearing a shining cap! But childhood bliss is not dependent upon these things, and the happy little ones recited their new lessons quite as proudly as the college brahmans, and received their penny prizes far more gratefully. As they repeated the Lord's Prayer, texts of Scripture, and sang blessed hymns, we dared to hope some little ray of light had entered their dark minds, that never will go out. Just now let us kindly thank every one who has sent us a penny, even, for the support of schools for these same children. Pledges have come for two schools; still, what multitudes might be reached and what numbers saved from an idolatrous life, had we only the wasted pennies on the home shore. Maybe some small bands or societies would like to take shares, or divisions, of \$10 each in these schools.

How the time has flown away! More than two months since this little sheet was commenced, and to-day we are wishing each other a "Happy New Year." Surely the first day of this new decade is a happy one to us, for a new *helper* from home has reached us. Mr. Coldren arrived two hours ago. Truly may our hearts be thankful to-day, that he has been so mercifully sent to us.

How I wish the friends who slipped the beautiful things into his boxes for dear ones here, could come into our sitting-room this minute. Like so many curious children, we are peering into the depths of the trunks, as one after another the packages come out, while the little centre-table fairly groans and flashes with its strange burdens, and could you donors look into *two faces*, you'd have your reward, and say again, "It's more blessed to give than to receive."

We wish you and many others could have been at the wedding, which passed off so pleasantly in the little chapel at Jellasore. Indeed, our good Miss Crawford made the occasion a very delightful one to those of us who could forget our own loss. But the light which has gone out from our own home will shine brightly in the jungle, and our hearts are full of gratitude that at last the Santals have a missionary and his wife in their midst.

Our Yearly Meeting, at Balasore, was full of cheer. By far the most encouraging we have ever had: *First*, the blessed spirit that prevailed, and compelled the missionaries, native preachers, and teachers, and helpers, to take hold of the work, "shoulder to shoulder" and "heart to heart," with scarcely a lagging one, or a discordant note; *second*, the great advancement in the women; and *third*, the cheerful response from many native Christians in regard to self-support. Since then we have been to Contai, and can say to the friends at home interested in Contai, that we were most cordially received by the educated native gentlemen there, who plead with us to send them teachers at once for their wives and daughters. Truly, the night is past, and even we are beholding the dawn.

VISIT TO HARPER'S FERRY.

After a brief visit in Washington I arrived here late on the evening of the 4th of February, and met with a most cordial reception from Rev. A. H. Morrell, whose name I found to be a household word in Maine, as well as in many other parts of New England. The first snow-storm of the season occurred only a few days before, and the weather was very cold, quite unlike the "Sunny South." The next day we gladly accepted an invitation to dine with Professor and Mrs. Brackett. The interview before being called to dinner was very pleasant, but short, for these hard-working, faithful servants of the Society were obliged to return, at the call of the bell, to their various charges in the school, where Mrs. Brackett, as well as her husband, spends the whole day. Her four children are now all old enough to be in school.

Friday evening I attended one of the social meetings of their lyceum. A new President was chosen who, on taking the chair, made a few very pleasant remarks, and closed by thanking them for the "high and exalted office" they had conferred on him. Then followed the reading of an essay by one of the young ladies. The debate was very spicy and original; some of the young men spoke remarkably well, while all did themselves credit. A paper, the contributions for which were furnished by the students, was read, and was loudly applauded. The exercises were interspersed with the singing of negro melodies, which interested me greatly. The very successful effort to bring this element of the colored race

into a more quiet form of Christian worship is no doubt a very important step in the right direction.

Miss Brackett, Saturday evening, took me through the rooms of Myrtle Hall. The basement, used for cooking and washing, was cleared at this hour, but the study, well warmed and lighted, and furnished with chairs and tables, and a few pictures on the walls, looked very inviting, and was well filled with young ladies busy at their lessons. Could the donors who have contributed to the finishing and furnishing of the different rooms for these students, and all those who are to come after them,—for this is not a work for today only,—see how comfortable and cosy they look, I am sure they would thank God that He opened this way for them to express their benevolence.

The reception-room and also the sitting-room for the lady principal, on the first floor, has a very pleasant outlook and some inside attractions; but it may be interesting to the friends of this institution who enjoy giving, to know that, in the opinion of the writer, an easy chair, as well as a few other articles, would contribute to the comfort of the tired worker when she has a little time for rest. This is equally true of the two houses occupied by your mission families. A comparison between them and our cosy New England homes makes the contrast striking. I trust the uncomplaining workers will pardon this suggestion. It is true missionaries should be a self-denying class of people; but what few physical comforts both home and foreign missionaries enjoy, will surely not render them less efficient. Possibly they may add to their usefulness. It falls to their lot to have trials to bear in which those who support them in their work can have no part—except as they bear them in the arms of faith to the All-loving Father. This letter is already too long. There are other things I may speak of hereafter.

Very truly yours,

MRS. D. F. SMITH.

A SPECIAL NOTE.

[We know our readers will be very glad to read the following communication from a brother in the field.]

MY DEAR MRS. EDITOR: Some kind friend for the past year has been sending me the *MISSIONARY HELPER*. It is appreciated. In September of last year, just before leaving Canada for another term of service in India, with my family,

I met Mrs. Smith, at her cousin's,—Mr. Hudson,—in Ottawa, Canada. We had a most delightful visit, and I expect some of them know about the copy of your paper sent to me. The last work I did in Canada was getting a paper, *The Canadian Missionary Link*, started. It has lived, and is likely to, as I learn in a recent letter from its devoted editor, Mrs. M. Freeland.

This whole work in which you women are engaged, at home and abroad, is of the Lord of life and glory, and has been and will be blest. I believe it marks one of the great eras in the world's evangelization. It may be the last and most blessed, coming as it does with light and culture for the family, and to make a *home*.

The first missionary that I ever saw was one of your Foreign Missionary Board,—Rev. C.B. Hallam. The address he gave us was worthy of the man and the cause.

A little more than four years ago I had been at Cocanada, my present home, with my family, to visit my brother-in-law, the Rev. I. McLaurin. On coming on board of the steamer that was to take us to Madras, we found sitting in the cabin an elderly lady and gentleman, engaged in writing. I distinctly remember the thoughts that flashed through me as I looked upon them for a moment: "Two kind souls, and lovers of Jesus, I am sure." We were not long in learning that they were Dr. and Mrs. Phillips of Orissa. We were more than delighted, and the pleasure grew until we parted at Madras, to meet no more till we stand with the millions of the redeemed around the throne. God bless those old soldiers of the cross, and make us worthy to follow in their footsteps.

God has given us large blessings among the Telugus. Some twelve years ago we had scarcely seventy Baptist members among this people. Now there must be quite *sixteen thousand*, and the work goes on. The work of the Canadian Baptists in the North Telugu country is comparatively new, but is full of promise. There are now five stations. A sixth will soon be added. At present I am making my first extended tour on this Cocanada field, which a year ago I took from the wearied hand of Brother McLaurin. Last Sabbath I baptized, in the presence of some one hundred and fifty Christians, fifty-two new converts. They have heard for years, and the Gospel has melted the hard heart at last. This is only a drop in the bucket of what is coming. This people will turn unto the Lord.

Your day has come in Orissa. The days of hope deferred are past. Sons and daughters of those who sowed in tears and suffering, go in now and reap, *reap*, REAP, for the harvest has come. Your brother in Christ,

A. V. TIMPANY.

ON BOAT, Dec. 26, 1879.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE HOME SECRETARY.

To the Dear Old Girls and the other Earnest Women:—

MY DEAR —: Which name, of the many good women whom I would like to summon for a talk this evening, shall I write in this blank? School-girls of other years — now widely scattered — God bless them! Mist from tender recollection dims my eyes as they come to my thought, one by one, and in classes. And then — the hosts of noble women of the several states! I cannot select one only out of the many. Mrs. Brewster will, perhaps, let me send you an open letter, through the *HELPER*; for I wish also to say these same things to all its readers.

And now the first words of greeting that rise from my heart to you all are: "Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ."

You ask if I have invited you to a talk about missions. Really, I had not thought of that word, but since it is introduced, did it ever occur to you that, of the three things it implies, namely: senders, something sent, and receivers, we see only the two brightest? And since, as we use the word, that which is sent is the most precious thing conceivable — the very light of life eternal — what a wonder of grace it is that we are set, for our short space in the ages, upon the illumined hills among the *senders*! Our fore-mothers, could they speak, would bid us be very pitiful to the receivers, for *they* belonged to that class.

I want to have with you a slow talk about familiar things; stopping often to think, letting our thoughts sink deep enough to take root, if they are good and true and ought to bear fruit.

As Mrs. Dr. Phillips said, in a talk to some ladies just before she sailed: "Prime work is not long." This is,

indeed, a seed thought, whose fruit should appear in your lives and mine, in greatly quickened activity. Let us, my dear old friends and new, wake up to the fact, before it is too late, that no whit of real work will be done by mere sentiment and well-wishing, be this ever so sincere and strong. No good thing was ever yet done without some one, somewhere, putting forth positive effort in its behalf. Even Jesus performs His work among men through the activities of His body, the Church. From the exertions of persons, who seemed to themselves able to do but the smallest service, marvelous results have sometimes followed; because these persons were living members of that body, sensitive to the promptings of His Spirit, which animates it. Are you each, and I, healthy members of His living body,—responding promptly to his volitions? No light question this! Its answer involves more than we can conceive of benefit or loss, not to ourselves alone, but to the world. In our Lord's picture of the final judgment the condemnations pronounced were all for not doing.

We sometimes pray that the Lord may lead us in a plain path. He has opened for us one very plain path, in which we can proceed to best purpose by joining hands. Nothing can be plainer than that He wishes us to be very much in earnest in walking in this way, for it has a much-needed blessing for our neighbors, who had fallen among thieves near home; and it leads directly to a vast host of the lost ones whom he came to seek and save. A certain class of these last He has manifestly committed to us. If He should speak to-day from Heaven, He could not proclaim more plainly *His* interest in them, than He has already done. We must not forget that unheeded repetition of His words has left our ears dull of hearing, and our hearts unresponsive, but our inattention has not changed the meaning of the words,—a thought to dwell on! for He says the word that He has spoken shall judge us at the last day. He, changing not, puts the same soul into the words to-day as when first He uttered them. And so that last injunction that fell from His lips on earth, is still issuing from His presence to every one who takes his word as law: that we proceed to let every person in all the world know what He came to reveal to men, viz.: that they all have a father whom they can love;—a Holy Father, whom they are blindly groping after; that He Himself is their Elder Brother; that if they

will believe His message, they may take His hand, always reached down to them ; and He will cleanse them from their sins, and lead them penitent to His Father and theirs, who will gladly forgive all, and take them at length to His presence forever ! Is not this a blessed message ? Are we slow to send it ? Do not some of you long to carry it ?

Well, as I was saying, this plain path in which he has set our feet, leads directly to a "great door, and effectual," opened first in our prime, to multitudes of high caste heathen women, who can be visited by women only. This is often mentioned, but do we take the fact home, into the inner chamber of our souls, where we sometimes feel how much it is worth to *us* that Jesus cleanses from sin ; that He comforts and bears up the suffering soul that trusts Him ; that He comes again and takes unto Himself our darlings, when their bodies, as garments, fall off ; that we can look joyfully forward to His coming for us ;—do we take the fact home and look at it by the light of the Golden Rule ? Did Jesus hope this knowledge of their case would be enough to thoroughly arouse us ? To some it has been enough. Do you think He is satisfied with what *we* are doing ? No. Nor do I ; and we want—in both senses of that word, need and desire—to move more vigorously, more enthusiastically, as we should wish others to do for us in a change of circumstances. Shall I then make a few practical observations, while we look behind us and before, and take our bearings.

Well, then, to begin with, let us fix this firmly : that the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society never was designed to draw away resources from the blessed work which we are all—fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters—carrying on together, through our general missionary societies. But our organization aims to meet a great and crying need of *special* help in departments where *women* are especially interested, viz.: among women whom women only can reach, and children whom women most naturally nurture and instruct. It is intended that the members of the auxiliaries of this society, while they go on to make offerings as much as ever, and more, and to collect those of others for the treasury of the parent society, shall, for our special work, make additional offerings. These offerings—of two cents each, per week, at least—are easily gathered by little personal economies, in ways which loving women with a will for it, are finding. By means of these, we are reaching directly into the presence of those imprisoned

heathen women, of whom one of our missionaries says: "It would do your very soul good to see how the dear love of Jesus surprises and delights them; to see them take in, strangely to themselves even, but surely, the foundation principles of the Gospel." We are supporting very promising schools for heathen children. We are, with great pleasure, extending the "Gospel of the hand," to aid our freed sister-women to obtain the education they and their race so sorely need.

Well then, good friends, to accomplish all these things, *you must, every one, go to work.* Interest other women and the dear children. Write letters; help the women in other churches to organize societies. Ask the Lord to suggest to you what He would have you do. And when he suggests do not shrink, even if it requires something you have not been accustomed to. He may suggest some curtailing of table or wardrobe expenses,—a curtailing which no one but yourself would ever notice, not even your own family. By this means you might sow the seed for a wonderful harvest, and, as Mrs. Purdy said: "nobody the wuss for it." Dear sisters, *do not lay this down and think no more of these things.* Write me that in this good year 1880, the Lord is showing you how you can do more for Him than ever before. You know He says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Yours truly,

A. C. HAYES.

NOT THE TIME TO REST!

When the ladies who constitute the Board of Managers of this society met, last October, they pondered well the question of how much they could safely appropriate to each branch of the work. Besides the salaries of our missionaries and teachers, there was an appropriation for Miss Crawford's Orphanage, and the schools which her Christian girls are teaching in the surrounding villages,—but we wanted to promise her more help than we dared. Then there was the zenana work at the various stations, and Mrs. Phillips' Ragged Schools at Midnapore, in which she is lavishing so much of her strength. We did wish we might strengthen her hands with a larger corps of native teachers. Then there was

Julia Phillips, now Mrs. Burkholder, going, in November, with her husband into the jungles among the Santals. We remember how she begged us to "hold the rope" while she went down into the mine; and some of us believed so many hands would be extended that we could hold it with a stronger grip than others deemed it safe to promise. There was Hattie Phillips, so bravely holding the post at Dantoon — now made vacant by her father's death. Surely, for her there must not be, for a moment, the least removal of care and sympathy. Then there were, — but you know them all, who are dependent upon the help we — *just we* — reach out to them. Well, the first quarter of the year is gone, the second almost gone, and the receipts have fallen much short of the quarterly appropriations. Now, from which of our dear devoted toilers in the vineyard shall we draw back the helping hand? For which of the brave ones, down in the mine, shall we let the rope hang weakly, tremblingly? Not for one of them, — dear brave souls; not for a moment to make them fear. Do not we, every one, say this?

A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

ENCOURAGING ITEMS.

Mrs. J. F. Smith, of Beaver River, Nova Scotia, says: "I am trying to secure a large number of subscribers this year, for I feel that an influence is carried into each family-circle it enters that cannot fail to arouse a deeper interest in the mission work. All who have taken it express an increased interest in the cause of missions."

"Last Monday evening, at our regular meeting, one of our sisters said she felt she ought to make a thank-offering to the Lord for His blessings bestowed upon her; so she gave five dollars for Miss Crawford's benefit. Surely Zion will arise and put on her beautiful garments, if all her children would do likewise, according as the Lord hath prospered them."

"Our society are making their maps. We like the plan very much, for it is a source of knowledge to us that we might otherwise fail to obtain."

"I wish to pay for two copies of your valuable magazine, one for myself and the other for my daughter. The balance I wish added to the fund for defraying the expenses of our missionary society, as I see you are desirous of having such a fund. I am now well advanced in my eighty-third year, and expect my pilgrimage is almost ended, but I hope to secure Heaven at last." "At evening-tide it shall be light."

This message from a little church in the prairie region, surely has in it the element of encouragement: "Our pastor took a collection yesterday for our dear missionaries in India."

The same dear sister who paid last year for her own subscription and for that of some one not able to do so, has repeated her kindness and promptly sent us seventy cents. She is now an invalid, confined to her own home, but cheered by a sweet and loving trust. It may do her and others good to know that the one to whom this little message was sent, through her kindness, — also an invalid, whose struggle with the burdens of life are often severe, — was much helped thereby. Coming home once from her work, weary and depressed, she found the *HELPER* at her door, left by the postman. "Oh," said she, "I can never tell you how it cheered me. I was not forgotten. It was a token of God's love to me. If possible I must pay for it for some one another year." Encouragement and blessing may be brought to many hearts by following this worthy example.

At the close of our second volume the number of subscribers was a little more than three thousand. Of these, several hundred were for only a part of the year. The renewals and new subscribers are now nearly twenty-eight hundred, almost entirely paid in advance. This is about seven hundred larger than one year ago. There are some seven hundred persons who were subscribers last year who have not renewed. It is hoped that a majority of them will do so. Thus far many have done nobly. To the Paige Street Church, Lowell, there are now sent, 89; to the Roger Williams Church, Providence, 70; to the Saco Church, 62; to the Olneyville Church, 50; to the Washington Street Church, Dover, 48; to the Main Street, Lewiston, Augusta and Haverhill Churches, 46 each; to Barrington, N. S., 44; and to Greenville and Pascoag Churches, 40 each. Of the States, Maine leads with 610; New Hampshire has 415; Rhode Island, 375, and New York, 280. New England and New York have as many subscribers as at the close of the last volume.

These statements and the facts which have come to our knowledge indicate: (1.) That the *HELPER* is a recognized necessity, and is coming to be appreciated more and more. Many say they cannot do without it. (2.) That the circulation is becoming wider as well as larger. The number of churches and communities is constantly increasing. (3.) While it is technically the organ of the Woman's Society, it is a recognized supporter of the cause of all Free Baptist missions. (4.) That an advance has been made toward securing the necessary five thousand subscribers. (5.) That there should be *no apathy* on the part of our friends, especially at the West and in the British Provinces, but rather, encouraged by the success of the past, let there be a pushing forward to the accomplishment of greater things.

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

NEW YORK.

The public meeting of the Holmesville Woman's Missionary Society, held Nov. 16, was very interesting. We had singing, both by the children and the choir. Then there was an essay, select reading, poems, recitations, and a dialogue by the children. All the exercises were short and good. The house was full, and the people more than pleased.

I should like a constitution for a children's band. The children are much interested, and I have already received seven names for membership.

Mrs. CYNTHIA A. DEXTER, *Secretary.*

Mrs. L. L. Stevens reports the Woman's Missionary Society, of West Oneonta, as doing well. Several young ladies have lately joined it. A letter from Mrs. Bacheler, and one from Phulla, their teacher (who was recently married), have just been joyfully received by them.

The Q. M. Society — which was organized last October — has now three auxiliaries, Oneonta, West Oneonta and Otsdawa. Several other churches, which have but few members, are raising money by the card system with the aid of the *HELPER*. She thinks it has been demonstrated in this Q. M., in regard to mission work, that "where there is a will there is a way."

Mrs. Pendleton reports that the Woman's Missionary Society of Norwich, is at work. The Society pays between \$3.00 and \$4.00 a month. They enjoy the work much, find it a means of Christian growth in the members, and a blessing to the church.

A Woman's Missionary Society was organized in Poland, on June 5th, 1879, under the direction of Mrs. S. Aldrich.

This church was not remiss in giving, whenever collections were called for, and we really did not know but all was being done that could be expected, until we entered into the merits of the Woman's Missionary Society. Perhaps we are a little inspired by the thought of living not very many miles from the birth-place of the late Rev. Jeremiah Phillips. At any rate, the community generally seem interested in the mission cause, and our last meeting was decidedly an interesting occasion, as well as the previous ones. On Jan. 1, 1879, cards were scattered through the church by our pastor. These, with the three public meetings of our Society, have netted us nearly \$70. The donation of \$15, from an absent sister (Mrs. A. Coon), was very thankfully received by our Society.

When our pastor left us, with the President of our Society, to reside in Buffalo, we felt that our prop was nearly gone, yet we did not intend to be weary in well-doing, for we remember the promise, that in due time we shall reap, if we faint not. We thank the Lord, and Bates' College, for sending us so good a pastor as we find in the Rev. Wm. H. Merriman, and we are fast learning to love his excellent bride. I must here add that we just find ourselves organized into a prosperous aid society for home charitable work.

MRS. M. B. TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

[It is hoped that the home charitable work means helping to send the "gospel to every creature," as is the command.—*Ed.*]

MICHIGAN.

Mrs. F. C. Stinson, President of the Genesee Q. M. Woman's Missionary Society, writes that the interest in missions is increasing in their Q. M. She asks for constitutions and blanks for reports, which with her means work. Who else wants blanks and constitutions to use?

S. L. CILLEY, *Western Secretary.*

VERMONT.

The Secretary for the Wheelock Q. M., Mrs. Prescott, reports that at the last session of the Quarterly Meeting, held at Lyndon Centre, a very encouraging meeting was held. Miss Nichols read an essay on the subject of "Mission Work;" Miss Colley, Principal of Green Mountain Seminary, presented a paper entitled "Some Questions;" and Mrs. Sherwood, of Sutton, read an essay on "The Mission of Money as a Christian Agency," and also gave an address to the sisters. Mrs. Prescott adds that, in her opinion, mission work was never so near the hearts of the people in this section as now. Individuals are beginning to look upon it as their personal work. In many churches it is no longer a hard thing to save money for missions. We have some auxiliaries, some bands, and *shall have more.*

RHODE ISLAND.

A convention of the churches in the Rhode Island District was held Feb. 4, in the Greenwich Street Church, Providence. The Secretary, Mrs. Dexter, conducted the exercises.

A prayer-meeting, reports from the different auxiliaries and bands, and a discussion of plans and methods of work, occupied the morning session. In the afternoon a paper was read by Mrs. Tourtelotte, of the Greenwich Street Church, on "Our Duties," specially referring to the evangelization of women in heathen lands, and another by Miss Waterman, of the Park Street Church, on "What can women do at home," setting forth the obligation of women to sustain those taken under our care in heathen lands.

Mrs. Frances Harper, of Baltimore, spoke earnestly and eloquently of "How to lift up the colored race,"—her people; and Miss Gage, a returned missionary from Burmah, referred to the need of abundant support for the work in foreign lands. An interesting letter was read from Miss Hattie Phillips, and the closing part of the afternoon was given to prayer for her, in view of her work and bereavement.

Two papers were read in the evening. Miss Bisbee's was an earnest plea for our missionary work, and that of Miss Wood, of the Roger Williams Church, treated of the three religions of India. These were followed by an address of unusual interest by Miss Mary French. Her graphic descriptions and vivid word-pictures made Indian scenes and customs seem very real to her audience. It was illustrated by several native costumes. Miss French has a lecture on "The Streets and Homes of Hindostan," which she delivered in the city, by request of a mission circle of one of the Congregational churches, and she also gave an address, by solicitation, at the annual meeting of the Providence Auxiliaries of the Methodist Woman's Missionary Society.

The day of the Convention was pleasant, but the traveling was very bad; yet a goodly number attended, and the ladies of the church provided bountiful collations for their guests.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Rev. Milo J. Coldren arrived in Midnapore, January 1, having had a prosperous journey.

The last words published from the pen of Livingstone, the bearer of light to the "Dark Continent" of Africa, were : "Who would not be a missionary?"

MARRIED. At the Mission Chapel, Jellasore, Patna, India, Nov. 18, 1879, by Dr. J. L. Phillips; Rev. Thomas W. Burkholder and Miss Julia E. Phillips. A host of friends present their congratulations.

Female education (in Bengal) may be said to have been commenced by Miss Cooke, afterwards Mrs. Wilson, in 1820. Few girls, however, except orphans and those of very low rank, could then be induced to attend school.

We receive every kind of currency that is regarded as legal tender, in payment for subscriptions. Canada bills, however, have to be discounted, and foreign stamps are very inconvenient. When renewals are made we would be glad to have the fact stated that the January-February number has been received, as we mailed a copy to each subscriber for 1879, from whom we have not heard.

The perseverance of those who tell us the third time that their paper has not come, is to be commended. We like this rather better than the statement that "we did not receive certain numbers last year; so we shall not take it any longer." An honest effort is made to reach every patron, but we cannot vouch for the integrity of the mail routes, especially in Maine, where the greatest irregularity occurs. Please write names distinctly, prefixing *Miss* or *Mrs.*, as the case may be.

In the Yoruba country, at the intersection of roads, or near the entrance of a village, one often sees heaps upon heaps of empty gin bottles piled up as an offering to "Eshu," or the devil. Who shall deny to these poor benighted savages a clear perception of the fitness of things, is a forcible and pertinent inquiry made by an exchange.

One of the converts of the Scottish United Presbyterian Mission in Africa is a woman who has great regard for the Fourth Commandment. She is so anxious to keep the Sabbath regularly that she has provided herself with a peg tied to a string, which she places in seven holes successively. When it is in the first hole she knows that the Sabbath of the Lord, her God, has come.

It is a fact beyond dispute that never before have foreign missions been taking the aggressive as is at present the case, nor has there ever before been a time, when, from a human point of view, the early spread of a knowledge of Christianity over the entire habitable world seemed so probable.

One of the marked developments in the missionary world, seen just now more than ever before, is the numerous inquiries from the countries where missionaries are working, as to the cost of utensils and simple machinery of various kinds, such as wind-mills, fret-saws, fanning-mills, and machines for making cord from thread, — all of which can be worked by hand or with light power, — and also for agricultural tools. Letters for information in this line are now received quite frequently at the rooms of the American Board, and they show most unmistakably the influence which mission work is having upon the civilization of the world. Thus, looked at in a material point of view alone, the money expended for foreign missions is a most profitable investment and is sure to be returned many fold in the amount of manufactures and supplies of various kinds that are sent out as the direct result of the work of our missionaries. The business thus created is already large, and is likely to be of great magnitude.—*Congregationalist.*

Children's Niche.

MISSION HYMN.

Tune — "What are you going to do?" Gospel Hymns, No. 2.

They tell me some dear little ones, mother,
Afar in their heathen home,
Have never been told how Jesus
Once said "Let the children come."
Will you hurry and send the message
To every heathen spot,
That Jesus said "Let the children
All come, and forbid them not."

Chorus.

For you know that He died to save them,
As much as for you and me;
Then hurry and send the good news,
mother,
To heathen far over the sea.

I cannot be happy to-day, mother,
His love and His goodness to know.
Unless I can tell the heathen
That Jesus has loved them so.
Will you tell me the way to find them,
Or how I can soonest send
To tell them the loving Jesus
Is ours and the heathen's friend?

Chorus.

For you know that He died to save them,
As much as for you and me;
Then hurry and send the good news,
mother,
To heathen far over the sea.

— *Good Times.*

AMONG THE HOMES OF INDIA.

Tell you something about the women of India? Certainly — come with me and I will take you to visit some of them — real, living women, whom I have seen and known.

On approaching the house of the first one to whom I shall introduce you — Mrs. Ghose — we leave the public road and walk a short distance through what, for want of a better word to describe it, we will call a lane. The house is a large brick structure, without finish or ornament, its surface next the street only broken by two small grated windows (with black wooden shutters) and the doorway in the centre.

The door stands wide open, and we enter without ceremony. Hearing footsteps a servant appears; and upon seeing who is before him, he makes a low salaam, and turns to conduct us to the women's apartments. He leads the way through the large room at the right, opens a door into the stable, which we cross at right angles, and we find ourselves in a yard strewn with rubbish. The man points to a door across one corner of this yard, and with a call to the inmates announcing our approach, he disappears. We open the door and step into the women's court. Here a scene of confusion presents itself. Repairing is going on, and to pro-

tect the women from the gaze of the workmen, a thick screen, made of split bamboo, has been erected; for, to be seen by any man outside the family would be most disgraceful.

We stand a moment, seeing no one, hearing no sound but the noise of the workmen on the other side of the screen. Having assured herself by peeping around a corner that there is no man with us, the lady of the house appears and greets us with a pleasant smile and salaam. She offers us chairs and seats herself in one beside us — having first dusted each with the end of her silk saree.*

She brings her New Testament, and with evident pride in her scholarship she reads, while with indescribable pleasure we listen to the sweet stories, falling from lips that a few months ago were offering prayers to gods which exist only in the imagination of their infatuated followers, and whose images are scattered all over this broad land. Will she ever pray to them again? *Can she ever?*

With a hopeful prayer and tender love we bid farewell to this sweet-faced woman, and pass on to visit another who is learning to read. These women are being taught by native Christian girls, who have been rescued from heathenism and taught the way of life by the missionaries, who are educating them for future usefulness among their countrywomen.

The next is a middle-aged woman, whom we find living in a low mud hut. She entertains us on the veranda, bringing out a mat for us to sit upon. Then she re-enters the house to find her primer, and we take a survey of the premises.

Both are quickly accomplished, for the yard is very, very small, and we are well acquainted with its contents by the time the woman returns with her book. There are only the trunk of a tree leaning against the wall, a broken stool, and a goat feeding upon the bit of grass between us and the mud wall.

With some difficulty she spells out a few simple words, as we point to the letters one by one. She has been studying some months upon the alphabet, but she is patient and persevering, and will in time, we trust, be able to read for herself what she now hears only from the lips of her teacher — the story of her Redeemer.

*A strip of cloth five or six yards long, wound around the body and brought up to cover the head and shoulders. The only garment worn by Hindoo women.

At the next house we find the family at dinner, or rather a part of the family. It would be impossible to find an entire Hindoo family "sitting at meat" together. The father, who must always take his food first and alone, has eaten and gone. The mother and children are squatting upon a bit of straw matting upon the floor, around a large brass plate heaped with rice. Each takes a handful, squeezes it into a ball, and tosses it into the mouth. Not wishing to disturb them we pass on to the next house we are to visit, promising to call upon our return.

We turn a corner here into the street,—a deviating path, sometimes wide, sometimes narrow. The houses face in every direction, some of them occupying so much of the road as to leave only a narrow pathway around them. We walk on, past mud walls, vacant spaces, the *debris* of demolished buildings, and straw-thatched houses, and stop before a low mud building, which, in comparison with those around it, we must call really neat and clean.

Here two daughters are learning to read. We are invited to sit upon a mat in a long low room opening directly upon the street—for this is not a zenana house, and the lives of these women are not secluded as in the first house we visited. It is late in the afternoon, and as the younger women gather around us the grandmother goes on getting dinner, about which the rest seem to have been engaged when we entered. One of the girls is just learning the alphabet; the elder one can read a little. As she leans over the book lying on the floor between us, our attention is attracted to her ears. Their tops hang over from the weight of silver rings in each, with heavy fringed drops hanging down so as almost to conceal six smaller ones worn in the lower part of the ear. The entire rim of the ear is punctured to admit these twelve rings.

Our eyes naturally wander down to see if other parts of her body are ornamented to correspond, and find ten bracelets on each arm, and bands of silver round the ankles. The younger daughter, eight or nine years of age, wears nearly as much jewelry. She looks like a little old woman, for her hair is combed down close to her eyes, the ends braided and tied back into a small chignon at the back.

With many smiles and salaams, and invitations to "come again," we leave them and return to the house where the family were at dinner. The meal is finished; the family

plate leans against the wall, and the vessel for holding water and the drinking cup stand near it. All are made of brass and are bright from recent rubbing.

As we come up to the door, the woman quickly brushes a little space on the floor, and spreads a piece of matting for us. Giving the broom a toss, she goes to a wooden box in a corner and brings out her books. The neighbors come in to see the "white folks," and we are glad, for this woman has learned to read very nicely, and some of them may be inspired by her attainments to desire knowledge, which, as a general thing, is considered a disgrace to woman, not being her *sphere!* Nevertheless, the gospel leaven is slowly working, and a glorious day is dawning for the women of India.
— *Mary E. French, in "The Earnest Worker."*

Miss Ina Barker, Secretary of the Lansing, Mich., Young People's Mission Band, writes: —

"We have had one public meeting. The church was filled, and all seemed well pleased. A little girl offered to sing in the Chinese language. She sang 'Jesus loves me.' We could not understand the words, but the tune sounded very natural. We had a dialogue from the *HELPER*, spoken by four girls; the President spoke a fine piece, and a letter from Miss Julia Phillips was read. Then there was more speaking, reading and singing, and a collection of \$2.23 taken. Mrs. Perry has gone now, and we shall miss her very much.

"I do not have much trouble in collecting the mission dues; all seem ready and willing to pay at the end of each month. In about six months, I have received almost \$18.00. Hope we shall be able, before long, to support more than one teacher. Our band now numbers twenty-six members, and we are in hopes to have other members this year. We wish to be earnest workers in this cause."

CONTRIBUTIONS

FROM DEC. 1, 1879, TO FEB. 1, 1880.

MAINE.

Abbott, Auxiliary.....	1 00	known as the "Davis Furniture".....	20 00
Athens, Auxiliary, for support of one of Miss I. Phillips' teachers.....		E. Parsonsfield, Auxiliary.....	2 00
Auburn, Auxiliary, Court Street Church.....	15 00	Gardiner, Auxiliary.....	6 00
Augusta, Auxiliary, for furnishing room in Myrtle Hall, to be	16 77	Houlton, "Gleaners," for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	5 00
		Lewiston, Auxiliary, Main Street Church, to constitute Mrs. Rev. W. H. Bowen L. M....	20 00

LEWISTON, AUXILIARY, MAIN STREET CHURCH, MRS. B. F. HAYES, support of teacher for Mrs. J. L. Phillips 5 00
LIMERICK, AUXILIARY, FOR F. M. 5 00
LIMERICK, "LITTLE HELPERS," FOR MISS I. PHILLIPS' SALARY 5 00
NORTH ANSON, AUXILIARY 12 00
NORTH BERWICK, AUXILIARY, FIRST CHURCH 6 32
PORTLAND, "A FRIEND," FOR ONE OF MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS' SCHOOLS, AND TO CONSTITUTE MRS. L. R. BURLINGAME L. M. 25 00
PORTLAND, AUXILIARY, \$10.00 FOR SALARY OF ZENANA TEACHER, ANNIE KOONJAH, \$5.00 FOR H. M., AND \$5.00 FOR MRS. BRACKETT'S WORK AT HARPER'S FERRY 20 00
SOUTH LIMINGTON, "TWO FRIENDS," SOUTH PARSONSFIELD CHURCH, BY OLEVIA ROGERS, LAKE CITY, MINN. 2 00
TOPSHAM, AUXILIARY 1 00
WEST BUXTON, "C," FOR MISS CRAWFORD 10 00
WEST LEBANON, "A FRIEND," 5 00

\$182 59

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BELMONT, MISSION BAND, SECOND F. B. CHURCH, FOR F. M. 10 00
CANDIA VILLAGE, AUXILIARY 4 00
CEN. SANDWICH, "A FRIEND" FOR MYRTLE HALL 5 00
DANVILLE, AUXILIARY 10 00
DANVILLE, MRS. J. A. LOWELL, FOR WORKING CAPITAL 2 00
DOVER, MISS S. LOWE, FOR ZENANA WORK IN INDIA 10 00
LACONIA, CHILDREN'S MISSION BAND, FOR SALARY OF MISS I. PHILLIPS. 10 00
LACONIA, AUXILIARY, \$8.50 FOR "LACONIA" ROOM, AND \$5.50 FOR MISS BRACKETT'S SALARY 10 00
MADISON, SOCIAL CIRCLE, FOR F. M. 14 00
NO. SANDWICH, MRS. LUCY QUIMBY 11 00
NO. SANDWICH, "A FRIEND," 2 00
ROCHESTER, MRS. S. R. HANSON, FOR F. M. 1 00

\$83 00

VERMONT.

CORINTH, AUXILIARY, SECOND F. B. CHURCH 4 00
EAST ORANGE, AUXILIARY 2 00
EAST WILLIAMSTOWN, AUXILIARY 1 50
North Danville, Mrs. H. Lockhart Incidental Fund 2 00
St. Johnsbury, Children's Band 1 25
South Strafford, Mrs. John Barrett Incidental Fund 1 50

\$9 10

Received of Mrs. L. Dexter, of Providence, R. I., February 1, \$137.72, for salary of Miss Hattie Phillips. Items will be reported in next list of receipts, in *Star* and in *Helper*.
Dover, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS.

HAVERHILL, AUXILIARY, FOR SALARY OF "UMA," AND TO FINISH L. M. OF MRS. A. D. DUDLEY, AND PART OF L. M. OF MISS J. KNOWLES 12 00
LOWELL, LITTLE MISSION HELPERS, MT. VERNON CHURCH, \$5.00 EACH FOR MISS I. PHILLIPS' SALARY, MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS' RAGGED SCHOOL AND ZENANA WORK, AND \$25.00 FOR FURNISHING "JOHN BROWN" ROOM 40 00

\$52 00

RHODE ISLAND.

GREENVILLE, "MISSION BAND," FOR MISS I. PHILLIPS' SALARY 5 00
PROVIDENCE, HELPING HANDS, PARK STREET CHURCH, FOR MISS I. PHILLIPS' SALARY 5 00

\$10 00

OHIO.

OHIO CEN. Y. M. AUXILIARY 9 06
PROSPECT, MRS. S. W. CRATTY, FOR INCIDENTAL FUND 3 00
SENECA AND HURON Q. M. AUX. 13 94

\$23 30

MICHIGAN.

HILLSDALE, MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF F. B. S. S. FOR MISS I. PHILLIPS' SALARY 5 00

\$5 00

MINNESOTA.

SAUK RAPIDS, MISS J. E. HICKS, ONE-HALF H. M. AND F. M. 3 00

\$3 00

MISSOURI.

SPRINGFIELD, MISS G. DITTRICK, FOR SUPPORT OF YULSI TEACHER WITH MISS CRAWFORD 12 00

\$12 00

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

STANSTEAD, AUXILIARY, FOR ZENANA TEACHER 7 00

\$7 00

Total amount, \$386 99

Miss L. A. DeMERITTE, Treasurer.